

F. D. C.

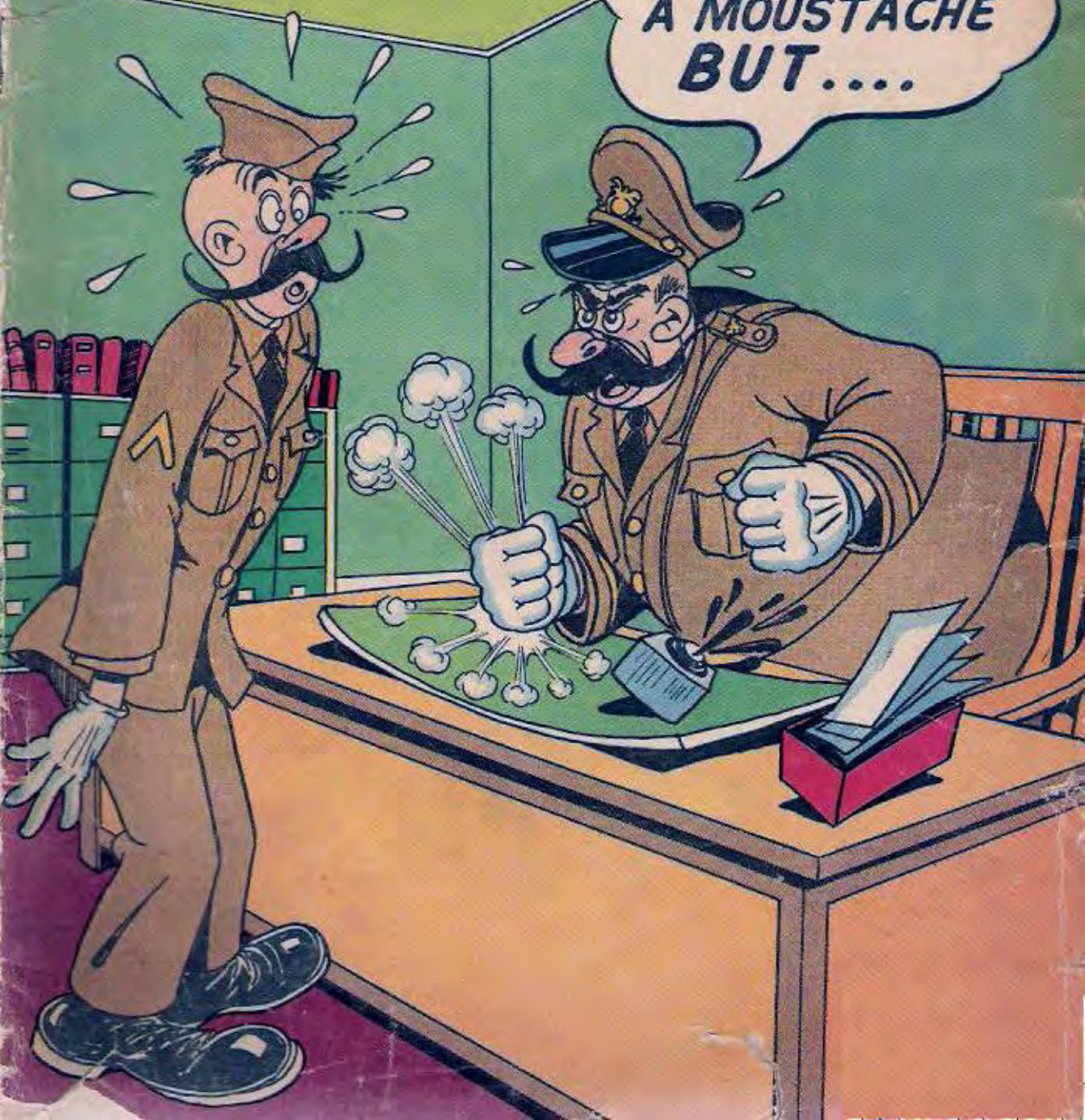
RED SEAL

COMICS

NO. 15
10¢

HARRY A. CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS

IT'S NOT THAT I
OBJECT TO YOUR
GROWING
A MOUSTACHE
BUT....





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Given

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA
Candid type.

GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN

for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



6 TEASPOONS

SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-537, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State..... Gift
Wanted.....

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-537, Jefferson, Iowa



New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1332, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City..... State.....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1332, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Black DWARF

Black market profits push a new boss over the big town's rackets. But Shorty Wilson, former All-American gridiron star, is on the job as the **Black Dwarf** with his squad of ex-crooks--waiting for a slip-up that will send the gang chief to the chair!

Shorty Wilson meets two of his trusted aides on a dark street corner--

LISTEN, NITRO. I WANT YOU AND ARGENIC TO CRASH THE PARTY AT BARNEY WEBB'S JOINT!

SURE, BOSS! WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?

TALK FAST, BOSS! A FLATFOOT'S COMIN' ALONG!

YEAH--HE MIGHT ARREST YOU ON SUSPICION!



IT'S LIKE THIS! BY BLACK MARKET OPERATIONS, WEBB HAS BECOME BOSS OF THE RACKETS. WHEN THE ELECTION RETURNS COME IN, YOU CAN LEARN WHICH CANDIDATE HE WAS BACKING!

HOLD IT-- YOU TWO! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, O'REILLY?

THAT WAS ARSENIC GAYNES AND HER STOOGES. NITRO. TRYIN' A STICKUP ON YUH, MISTER WILSON?

WHY, REILLY! THEY'RE NOT STICKUP ARTISTS! ARSENIC IS A BLACKMAILER AND NITRO'S A SAFE CRACKER!



THEM TWO HAVE BEEN DODGIN' THE LAW FOR MORE'N A YEAR!

BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST THEM WITHOUT EVIDENCE! WELL, SO LONG, O'REILLY!



I'LL MEET DIPPY THE PICKPOCKET ON SPRING STREET WHILE ARSENIC AND NITRO GET THE LOWDOWN ON WEBB!



Unsuspected as the Black Dwarf's aides, Nitro and Arsenic join the party at Barney Webb's.

WITH ALL BUT SEVEN ELECTION DISTRICTS COUNTED, BRIAN MURPHY HAS WON AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY!

THAT'S MY BOY, FOLKS! WHEN I WHISTLE, HE'LL DANCE!

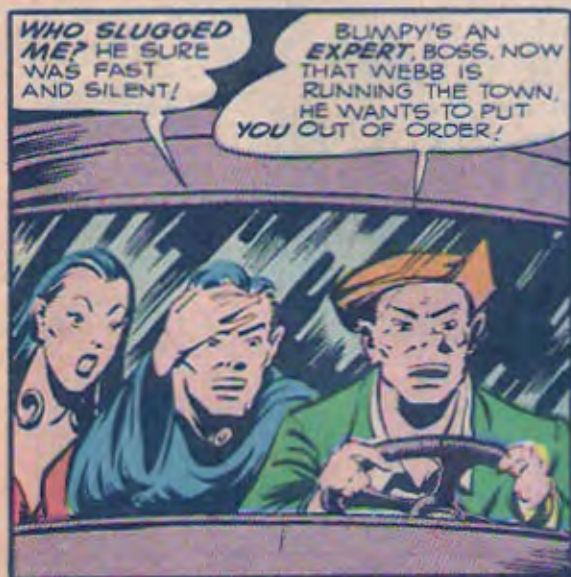
WHY YOU DOUBLEGROSSIN' RAT! YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE BACKIN' STEVE PORTER FOR MAYOR!

TAKE IT EASY, BABY! YOU MIGHT'VE LET GO WITH YOUR BIG MOUTH IF I'D TOLD YOU!

BIG MOUTH, AM I? YOU'LL FIND OUT, SPIDER WEBB!

KNOW HER, NITRO? SHE DANCES AT THE ONYX CLUB. WEBB WON'T LET HER GET AWAY WITH THOSE INSULTS!





HEAR THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE
A BULLET
SMASHING
A WINDOW!

STAND GUARD
HERE, NITRO!
I'LL GO INSIDE!



ONE OF THE TENANTS IS
DEAD BY THE LOOKS
OF THAT, AND I MAY
FIND ANOTHER CORPSE
ON THE SECOND
FLOOR FRONT!



A RIFLE BULLET
THROUGH HER
HEAD-- FIRED
BY A KILLER
FROM ACROSS
THE STREET!



HELLO, BARNEY?
THIS IS THE
BLACK DWARF.
HOW DID YOU GET
BACK TO YOUR
APARTMENT SO
QUICK AFTER
SHOOTING
MISS TIGHE?



YOU'RE TALKING
NONSENSE! I
HAVEN'T SEEN HELEN
SINCE SHE LEFT MY
APARTMENT AN
HOUR AGO!



SHE TOLD
ME HOW
YOU DID IT!

YOUR SHOT DIDN'T
KILL HER, BUMPY!
IF HE FINDS MY
PHONE EXTENSION
LEADS TO THIS
EMPTY HOUSE,
WE'RE SUNK!



HE HUNG UP. NEVER
PACK A GUN MYSELF.
I BORROWED JACK'S.
KEEP 'EM COVERED
FROM THE WINDOW,
BUMPY!

YEAH-- IF THEY
KEEP LIVING,
WE'LL BURN,
BOSS!





SHE **CROAKED**?
WHO WAS YOU
PHONING, CHIEF?

BARNEY WEBB-- ON
THE CHANCE THAT
HIS TRIGGERMAN
SAW US AND WILL
PHONE HIM!



YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE LEFT ARSENIC
ALONE OUTSIDE, NITRO!

SHE WAS
WORRIED CHIEF,
AND SENT ME
AFTER YOU!



HUSH.. YOU!
YOU'LL WAKE
MY BOARDERS!

THERE'S BEEN
ANOTHER DEATH
IN YOUR HOUSE,
MADAM. MISS
TIGHE WAS
MURDERED! BETTER
CALL THE POLICE!

But before the
Black Dwarf
reaches the door--

WH..
WHAT..
WHO..!

SURPRISE,
ARSENIC!
SO YOU'RE
ONE OF
THE BLACK
DWARF'S
STOOL
PIGEONS. HUH?

DASH
DOWN THE
STEPS, NITRO!
THE SNIPER
CAN'T HIT YOU
WITH THE
FIRST SHOT!

I WOULDN'T
DO THIS FOR
ANYBODY
BUT YOU,
BOSS!



AHA! AMBUSH
FROM SECOND FLOOR
ACROSS THE STREET!
I CAN'T MISS!



UH..OHH!

LOOKS TO
ME LIKE
THE BLACK
DWARF
SCORED A
BULLSEYE!

I'LL
DOUBLE
THE SCORE
WHEN HE
SHOWS
HIS FACE!

SEE HOW THIS FEELS,
SNOOPER! YOU
ASKED FOR IT!

YOU COULDN'T
HIT A BARN AT
TEN PAGES WITH
THAT ROD, BARNEY!

STOP! WHA--?
THIS GUN--



I'D BE SUPERSTITIOUS
TOO ABOUT CARRYING
A GUN LOADED WITH
BLANKS, BARNEY!

I GET IT
NOW. THAT'S
WHY YOU
SENT DIPPY
TO WEBB'S
JOINT?

GET SOME
ROPE IN
THE CAR
AND LEAVE
HIM TIED UP
PRETTY FOR
THE COPS, ARGENIC!

LET'S
HURRY,
CHIEF!

Reaching the second
floor of the vacant
building across the
street, the Black Dwarf
discovers Webb's trick--



WHEN HE BECAME
SUSPICIOUS OF
HELEN TIGHE,
WEBB LEASED
THIS BUILDING
AND INSTALLED
THIS PHONE
EXTENSION!

POLICE
SIRENS!
BETTER
SCRAM,
BOSS!



WEBB PLANNED TO
TRICK THE POLICE INTO
PHONING HIM ABOUT
THE TIME HIS
GUNMAN SHOT
MISS TIGHE!

SO HE COULD
ALIBI HE WAS
AT HIS
APARTMENT!



THE COPS STOPPED.
WE GOT AWAY
JUST IN TIME!

WITH WEBB
BOOKED FOR
MURDER, WE
CAN HELP THE
NEW MAYOR RID
THIS TOWN OF
THE RACKETS!



THE

Gay DESPERADO

Marked for death by both the law and the lawless, Jim Collins, alias **The Gay Desperado**, searches recklessly for a chance to rip the blindfold from the hands of justice. But the hands of a clock betray the last grim hope of clearing his name as he rides unarmed into **GRAVEYARD GULCH!**



THOSE COPS SAW US DUCK IN HERE, PATSY! AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

NEVER SAY DIE, JIM! THERE'S A COAL CHUTE BACK OF US!



WHOW! NOT A SECOND TO SPARE! I WONDER WHO TIPPED 'EM OFF THAT WE CROSSED THE BORDER AT NIGHT?



THEY MUST HAVE GONE IN THAT DOOR! KICK IT OPEN, MACK!

JUMP TO THE SIDE! THE GAY DESPERADO IS A CRACK SHOT!









A half mile north of the Mexican border, the ambushing pair await their rendezvous with the Gay Desperado!

HAVE NO WORRY, GONZALEZ! HE WILL COME ALONE!

BUENOS, AND THE FATE HE MEETS TONIGHT WILL HELP PERPETUATE THE GRIM LEGEND OF GRAVEYARD GULCH!



HOOFBEATS! HE'S COMING BY HORSE!

ARE YOU READY?

YES, BUT IF MY ROPE FALLS SHORT, SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK, LOPEZ!



The faint whistle of a lariat stirs in the night but the Gay Desperado is unaware of its menace--



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA, SHERIFF? I CAME UNARMED AS YOU REQUESTED!

OH, DID YOU? LOOK AROUND, HOMBRE!



WHO ARE YOU, MISTER? I CAME HERE TO SURRENDER TO THE SHERIFF!

HA--HA! YOU-- THE GAY DESPERADO-- GIVING YOURSELF UP TO THE LAW? HA--HA--HA! NOW TURN YOUR BACK!



BACK ON YOUR HORSE, HOMBRE, OR WE'LL GIVE YOU A SLOW DEATH INSTEAD OF A PAINLESS ONE!

YOU WIN, STRANGER. I SUPPOSE THAT PACKET YOU JUST SLIPPED IN MY POCKET WAS SMUGGLED DOPE!



HOLY CATFISH!

THOSE RENEGADES ARE STRINGING JIM TO THAT TREE! THIS CALLS FOR SOME FANCY SHOOTIN'!





**GRAB THE ROPE
OVER YOUR
HEAD, JIM!**



IT'S ONLY THAT
FOOL KID, I'LL
MAKE SHORT
WORK OF HIM!

**DON'T SHOW
YOURSELF,
PATSY! IF
THEY GET
ME, RUN!**



**LOPEZ!
HE SHOT
MY WRIST!
TRY TO
USE YOUR
GUN!**

THE ONLY
THING LOPEZ
CAN USE NOW
IS A **COFFIN!**



**QUIT THE COMEDY!
DON'T YOU KNOW
WHEN YOU'RE
LICKED?**

**THAT'S IT! SLUG
HIM AGAIN FOR
ME! I HEAR THE
SHERIFF'S CAR
COMING!**



HOPE WE CAN
MAKE A DEAL
WITH THE SHERIFF!
GROVER'S MURDERERS
AND THIS PACKET OF
SMUGGLED DOPE
OUGHT TO PROVE
WE'RE ON THE
LAW'S SIDE!

**DON'T GIVE
YOURSELF UP
TO HIM, JIM!**



**YOU GOTTA
FORGIVE ME
FOR BEIN' LATE,
DESPERADO! MY
DANGED CLOCK
STOPPED AT
ELEVEN-THIRTY!
PLUGGED 'EM
BOTH, I SEE!**

**YEAH, AFTER
KILLING GROVER,
THEY STILL
WANTED TO
PIN THE
DOPE
RUNNING
ON ME!**



DOES THIS
SQUARE ME
WITH THE
LAW, SHERIFF?

**WAAL, NOT
EXACTLY!
YOU'D BETTER
COME ALONG
BACK WITH
ME, DESPERADO!**



**As the sheriff struggles
with Lopez' body,
Jim and Patsy move
like greased lightning!**

**KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN,
PATSY! WE'LL
BE AROUND THE
BEND IN TEN
SECONDS!**

**WHAT'S YOUR
RUSH? THE
SHERIFF'S NOT
SHOOTING! HE'S
WAVING GOODBYE
TO US!**

PREHISTORIC

PETE

SO THAT'S WHAT
YOU CALL BEING
A GENTLEMEN,
PETE! ASKING
ME TO SIT
DOWN FIRST!

EEYOW!



MOTHER! MOTHER!
HELP ME!
A RHINO'S
ON MY
TAIL!

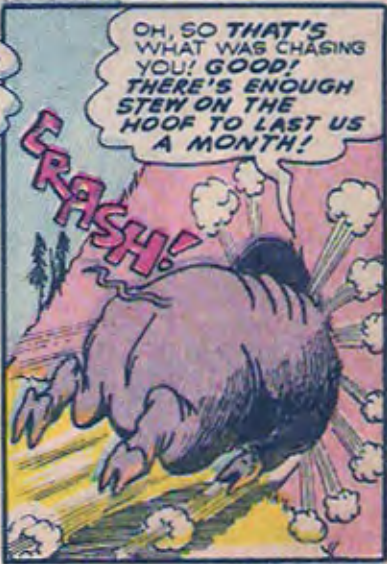


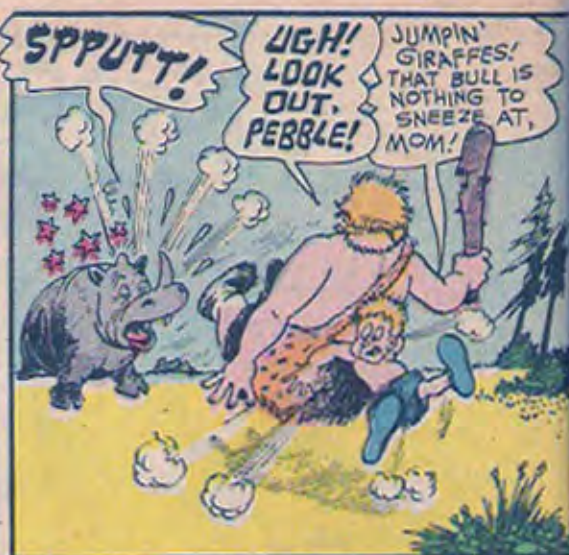
MUST BE YOUR
IMAGINATION
EVA. THERE'S
NOTHING ON
IT NOW!

YOU
DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
I SAID
A RHINO!



OH, SO THAT'S
WHAT WAS CHASING
YOU! GOOD!
THERE'S ENOUGH
STEW ON THE
HOOF TO LAST US
A MONTH!





THIS WILL
THROW A WRENCH
INTO THEIR RING
AROUND THE ROSY
WITH THE RHINO!

HEY, PEBBLE!
WATCH OUT!
WHAT YUH
DOIN'?



WHO-ME? I
JUST KNOCKED
OFF A MONTH'S
SUPPLY OF STEW
MEAT DOWN THERE!

AW, NOW
YOU'VE SPOILED
EVERYTHING!



OH-- HOW WONDERFUL,
BROOMJAW! YOU
CAUGHT HIM* WITH
YOUR BARE HANDS!

ER, SURE! I'M
NOT AFRAID OF
MAN OR BEAST!



EEEEK!

GREAT GADFLIES,
BROOMJAW!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?



OH, NOTHING. I
JUST REMEMBERED
THAT I LEFT POOR
PETE IN A VERY
DANGEROUS
PREDICAMENT!



THAT'S THE
LAST TIME
YOU HIRE ME
TO BE CHASED
BY A RHINO,
PETE. I MUST'VE
LOST TEN POUNDS



SO WHAT?
I'LL BET YOU
DOUBLECROSSED
ME BY TELLING
EVA YOU
BOPPED
THE BEAST!

EEEYOW!

THAT MUST
BE EVA!
THE RHINO
WAS ONLY
STUNNED!

I'LL BASH
HIS
BRAINS
OUT WITH
ONE
WALLOP!





OH--OH! I'D
BETTER BREEZE!
HERE COMES
BROOMJAW
WITH BLOOD
IN HIS EYE!



HEH--HEH/
BROOMJAW
IS CLOSING
IN FOR
THE KILL!

GRRRR!
CHARGE ME
IF YOU DARE,
YOU OVERGROWN
WART HOG!

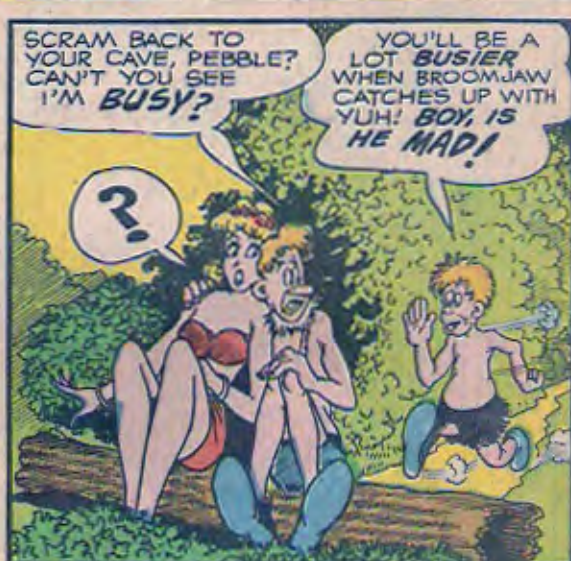


TAKE THIS,
YOU MONSTER!
OOOOW!



JEEPERS!
I'D BETTER
WARN PETE!

OUCH--OUCH!
THAT'S SOME OF
PETE'S DIRTY
WORK! I'LL BUST
EVERY BONE IN
HIS BODY!



SCRAM BACK TO
YOUR CAVE, PEBBLE?
CAN'T YOU SEE
I'M BUSY?

YOU'LL BE A
LOT BUSIER
WHEN BROOMJAW
CATCHES UP WITH
YUH! BOY, IS
HE MAD!



I DON'T
WANNA BE
A WITNESS
TO MURDER!

LET'S MOSEY
ABOUT IN THE
VALLEY, EVA. IT'S
QUIETER THERE.



HUH? SO THE
CRITTER IS DEAD.
THIS GIVES ME A
SWELL IDEA!



SCORING KICK

SMOKE SIGNALS SWUNG A LAST QUARTER POINT

The Pros arrived in Urbania at seven-thirty in the evening. They were waiting for the bus to the stadium when Merry Walker came up and threw her hands over Frankie Saxton's eyes.

"Oh, Frankie! How did we ever hit the same town together?"

Coach Ed Meeny came up and said, "Hello, Merry." Then he turned to Frankie Saxton. "We could only get a couple of cabs, Frankie. You can wait for the second trip and talk to Merry."

"If the stadium were only in the opposite direction, you could let me drive you, Frankie," Merry said.

Merry drove off and as Frankie walked back to join his team he had to pass a dark building. Out of a jog in the wall a man stepped. He was slight and very wiry.

The stranger lifted Frankie's hand and slipped something into it. It was paper and Frankie had an idea what it was.

"Thought you were out of the game with a leg injury," the stranger said.

"It healed up. I'm okay now," Frankie answered. "So?"

"Thinking you'd be out, the betting has been eight to five that the Reds would win. We'd match that number in your hand if you'd get Willie Davis out. I'm Vinny Rasco. Anyone will tell you I keep my word."

Frankie's answer was a sock on Rasco's jaw. The little guy went down. While he was crawling slowly to his feet, Frankie looked at the paper. It was a thousand dollar bill. He shoved it into Rasco's hand and walked off. He saw Willie Davis coming to look for him.

At their hotel, Frankie and Willie were crossing the lobby when the telephone girl called to Frankie.

"A Miss Walker phoned and said her car was wrecked at Baker's ridge and she can't get a garage to tow her out. She would like you to drive there if you can get a car."

Frankie reached Baker's ridge in a car that Ed Meeny had arranged for him to get at the Drive-It-Yourself garage. It was a lonely road and dark. He was almost upon Merry's car before he realized it. He pulled up behind it and stopped, got out. Merry was waiting. In the light from his own vehicle he noticed a puzzled look on her face.

"Frankie!" she exclaimed. "You're driving! I thought you couldn't get a car!"

"But I thought you—" Frankie began.

A voice rasped from the darkness: "Don't think. You'll get a headache!" It was Vinny Rasco. He was with two men. All had guns. "We got a cabin in the mountains. You'll stay there till after the game."

Frankie snapped: "You'll go to jail for this!"

It was cold in the cabin after sitting all night while Vinny Rasco and his men took turns guarding them. Rasco meddled with the stove and smoked up the room so that everyone was coughing.

"Let me fix that fire!" Frankie growled.

There was coal oil in a can by the stove. Frankie poured some over the fire. He worked the draft. On and off. On and off. There were clouds of smoke in the room now. Mike Adlerle finally bent over, coughing. Frankie sprang across the room.

His arm shot out, caught Adlerle in the jaw. Adlerle snarled a curse, dropped his tommy gun. Rasco sprang for the weapon and as he reached down, Frankie jammed his heel on his fist. Rasco shrieked in pain. Frankie grabbed the gun.

"Tie these bums, Merry. Tear up those blankets they had last night while we froze!"

It was late in the morning when a posse with Ed Meeny and Willie Davis reached the cabin.

"We saw your S O S in smoke," Ed said. "But it took this long to get here!"

Frankie explained. "I figured you'd be searching and hoped you'd see the signal. Can we make the game, Ed?"

Ed Meeny shook his head. "There won't be time after we turn these gents over to the police."

It was six to nothing in favor of the Reds and little more time to play when they reached the stadium. Ed said: "Frankie, you and Willie got a chance. Go on in!"

The quarterback knew the signal would call for a delayed fake end run. The crowd was tense. The right half took the ball, started around and passed it to Frankie. He watched Willie sprinting and counted Willie's paces. Then Frankie hurled the forward pass. Leaping down the field, Willie's arms shot up, grabbed the ball with his finger tips. He plunged over the goal line.

The wind was right for a kick and as Frankie's toe connected he knew he would score the extra point. Vinny Rasco was going to be sore about this, but Merry Walker would be mighty pleased.

NEMO

IN
ADVENTURELAND

Even in Slumberland Gypsy rhythm warms the blood and causes the heart to skip a beat. But when the beautiful Sandra began to pursue Nemo, the princess showed the Gypsy girl some steps that weren't in the dance routine!



IF WE ALL WORK TOGETHER, WE'LL GET THE CORN PICKED BY NIGHTFALL!

TURN THE OXEN IN THE NEXT LANE, NEMO. FATHER WILL BE DELIGHTED!



OH, IMPY STOP THAT NONSENSE!



WOA, DURN YOU! WOA! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE, IMPY!



HELP, NEMO! I'M FALLING!

SORRY-- PRINCESS. WE'LL CHARGE THIS TO THE IMP!



GOOD THING WE CAME THIS WAY, NEMO. LOOK OVER THERE!



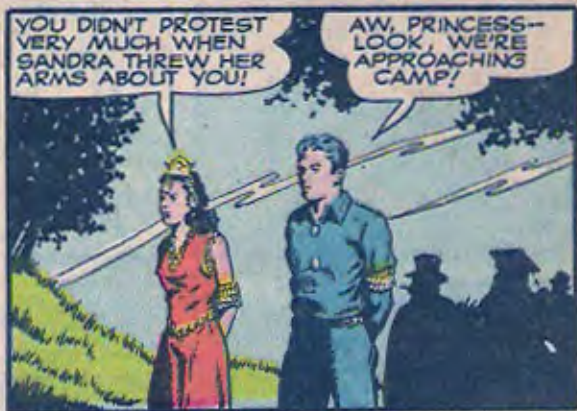
GYPSIES! STEALING THE CORN!

HEY, YOU! GET OUT OF THIS CORN FIELD!

PLEASE-- DO NOT BE ANGRY!













PHONY LOOT

COULD FRAUD BE CONCEALED BY ROBBERY?

Andy Bunce went to the cash drawer and began counting the money. Harry Weller, the cashier, grabbed the money out of Bunce's hands and said, with thin-lipped sarcasm, "The company certainly ought to feel gratified to have so many cashiers."

Andy Bunce's face reddened and he flashed Weller a look of calculated scorn.

"What's the matter with me counting up the cash?" he asked.

"While you're a clerk you do as I tell you," Weller snapped.

Andy returned to his bookkeeping and didn't see the door open as six men entered. Each one carried a brief case and they appeared to be auditors. Their leader walked over toward the cashier's cage while the others went casually toward the compartment that held the account books and began taking them out and placing them on the long table.

Weller raised his eyes and met those of the auditor who was staring beadily at him. Weller's hand slid slowly toward the customer's ledger, but stopped against the desk top. Then he turned his hand upward and began to rub the palm with his finger nails as if it might be itching.

With swift, efficient movement, the man turned from an auditor into a gunman, as he drew an automatic from his coat pocket.

"Get your hands up," he said evenly in a well modulated voice. The five others covered the rest of the office as the clerks turned from their work and raised their hands.

Andy stepped back to the center of the cage beside Weller. The gunman reached beneath the counter, took the bundles of currency of the Merton Company payroll and passed them to another well groomed gunman, who stuffed them into his brief case.

Weller's eyes shifted from the gunman toward the safe. The gunman walked to the cage door and entered.

"Open the safe," the gunman commanded.

Weller turned nervously to the safe and began fumbling with the combination. His fingers shook as he turned the dial right, then left and again right. Finally he turned down the handle and pulled open the door. Then

he rose to his feet and stepped aside.

The thug approached the safe, began to open drawers and compartments. "Checks! Where's the rest of the cash?"

Weller's voice shook as he replied, "There's no more cash in the house."

The gunman stuffed the checks into his pocket and turned to leave.

Andy had moved cautiously toward the table near the cage. He kept his left hand raised and moved his right downward to the table. His fingers closed on a paper weight and he raised his arm swiftly in a pitch that landed the paper weight smack against the thug's temple.

As the gang leader dropped, bedlam broke loose in a blast of gunfire. Andy swept his hand down and snatched the automatic from the gang leader and came up shooting. He saw one man drop with blood on his shirt front. It was the man backing up the leader outside the cage. The three others sprang for the door, blazing toward Andy. He cried out sharply as a slug ripped into his shoulder.

Andy's shoulder burned, but he managed to stand the table on edge, to get behind it. The three jammed at the entrance, trying to escape at once. Andy let them have it and they went down in a squirming heap.

As he turned, he saw the thug he had struck with the paper weight had risen and was running for the exit. He took aim, but suddenly saw that Weller had grabbed a gun.

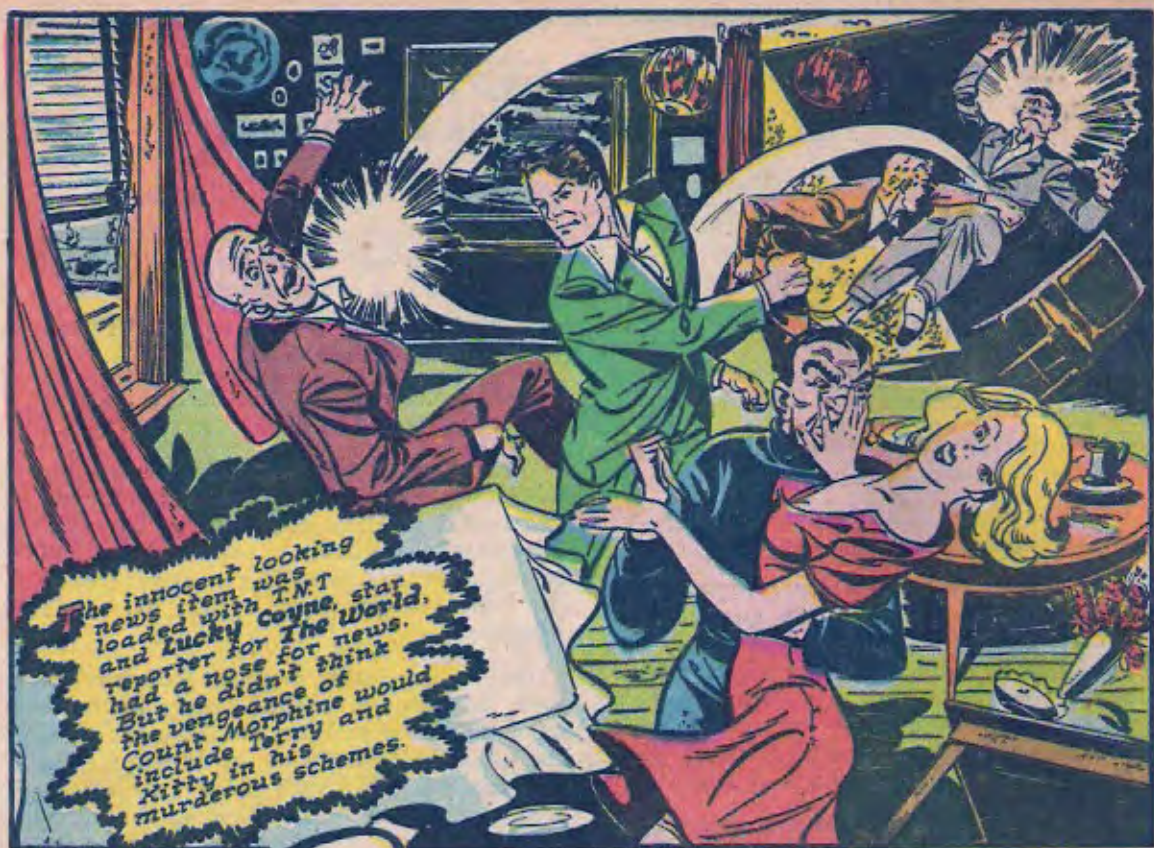
"Drop it, Weller!" Andy shouted.

Weller turned on him. Andy pulled the trigger and Weller's gun fell from his hand. Andy fired again, caught the last escaping thug.

Andy said: "You knew the payroll was accounted for, Weller, but taking those checks would have made up for a lot of your shortages."

"It's a lie!" growled Weller, but he didn't look Andy in the eye.

Andy Bunce went on. "The real auditors will determine that. I saw you tip the thug off to open the safe, but the real reason I knew you were short was that I had found it out before you kicked me off the books. I was going to report you, anyway."



Lucky COYNE









THAT OUGHT
TO HELP,
TERRY! BETTER
CALL IN
THE POLICE--

THANKS,
LUCKY!
NO TIME
FOR COPS.
COME ON!



WE CAN'T
TAKE A CHANCE
ON THIS GUY'S
WAKING UP!

THIS TIME
I'M AT
SEA, KID!
WHAT'S
DOING?



PLENTY--WHEN
THE CHAUFFEUR
TELLS MORPHINE
THE THUG AND
I DIDN'T
SHOW UP!

I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
TERRY!
SPILL
THE
DETAILS!



THAT WILL
DO YOU
UP!

TERRY!
LOOK OUT
FOR
KITTY!



JUST
MADE
IT, KITTY!

BROTHER--
YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING!



EMPTIED MY
GUN ON THIS
HALF-PINT!

YOU'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF
REFILLS IN
A FEW MINUTES!
BUT THEY
WON'T BE
IN YOUR GUN!

OH--THANK
YOU, SIR!
BILLY--HE
DIDN'T
RETURN!

OKAY--
GIRLIE!
WAIT,
SOMEONE'S
AT THE DOOR NOW!

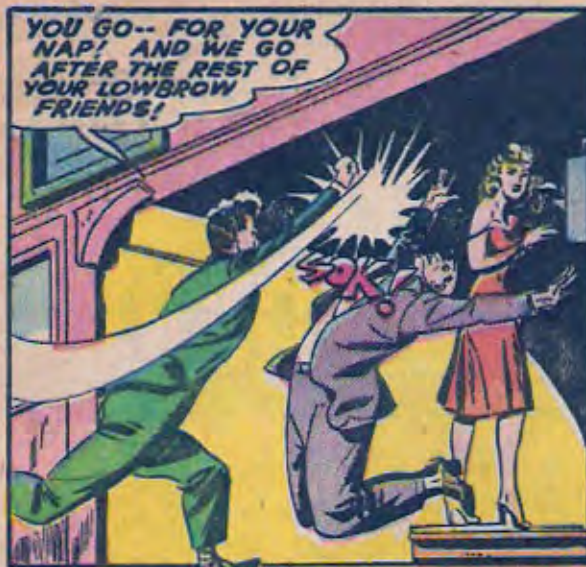


BILLY!

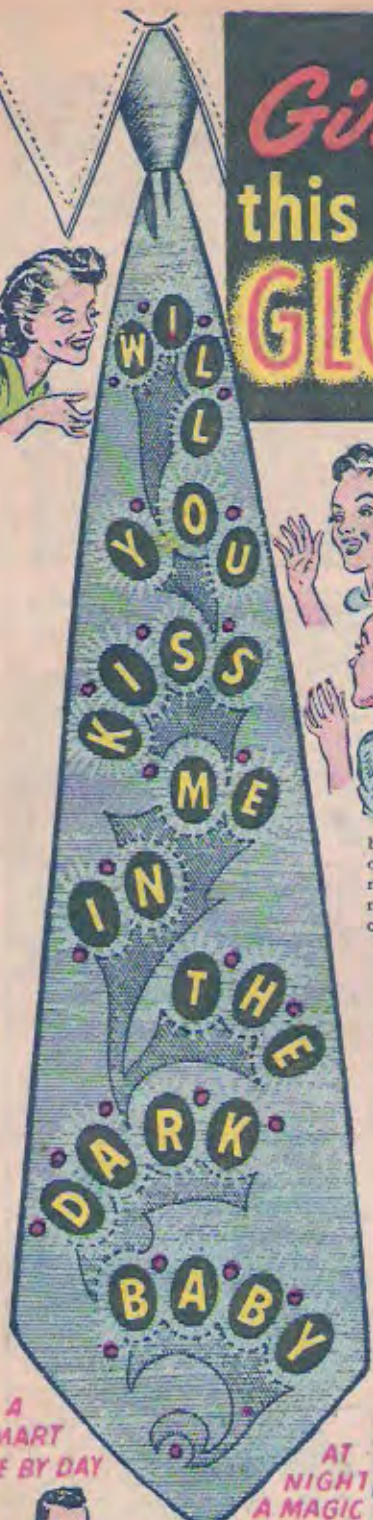
MADGE! I
HAD TROUBLE
WITH A GUY--
THIS BIRD
K-KILLED HIM--

YEAH--UH
HEY--
WHAT GOES?





Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!



**BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK
TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL
TO LOVE IN GLOWING
WORDS!**



MEN . . . BOYS . . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—**WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY?** Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special **INTRODUCTORY OFFER**, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking **GLOW IN THE DARK** sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your **GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE**, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

**A
SMART
TIE BY DAY**



**AT
NIGHT
A MAGIC
TIE**



**IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS
OF FUN!**

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO

215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 312-K, Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my **KISS ME NECKTIE** that glows in the dark. I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22, check here ☐

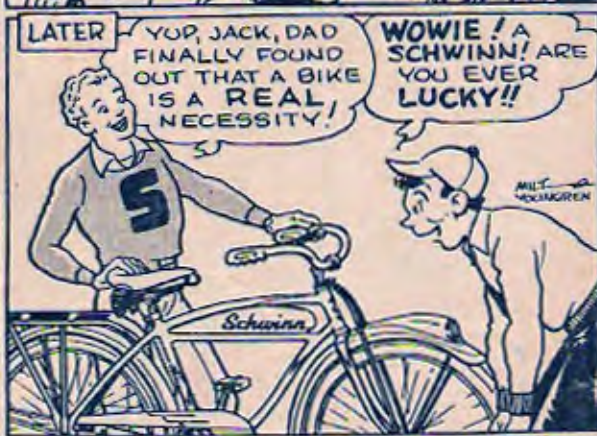
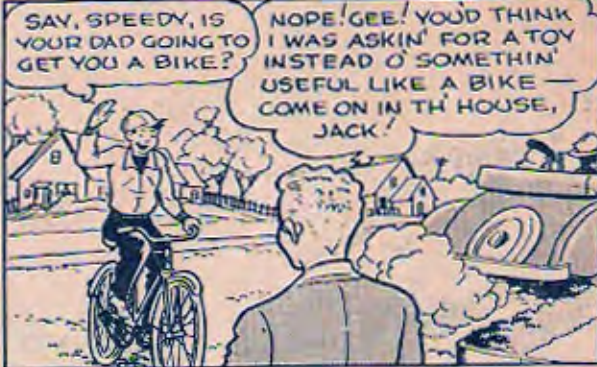
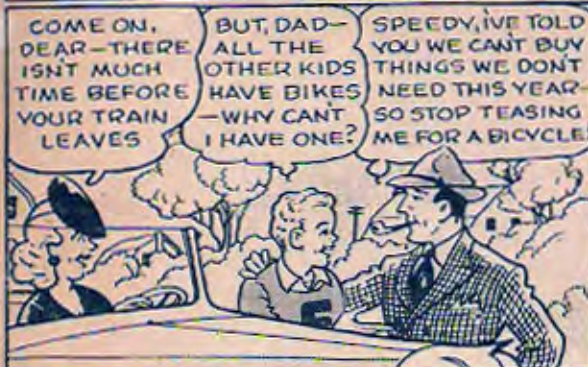
Name

Address

City Zone State

SPEEDY WHEELER

SAVES THE DAY
AND
WINS A BIKE



HEY! FELLOWS AND GIRLS—

GET THIS BIG, EXCITING
MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER
FREE!

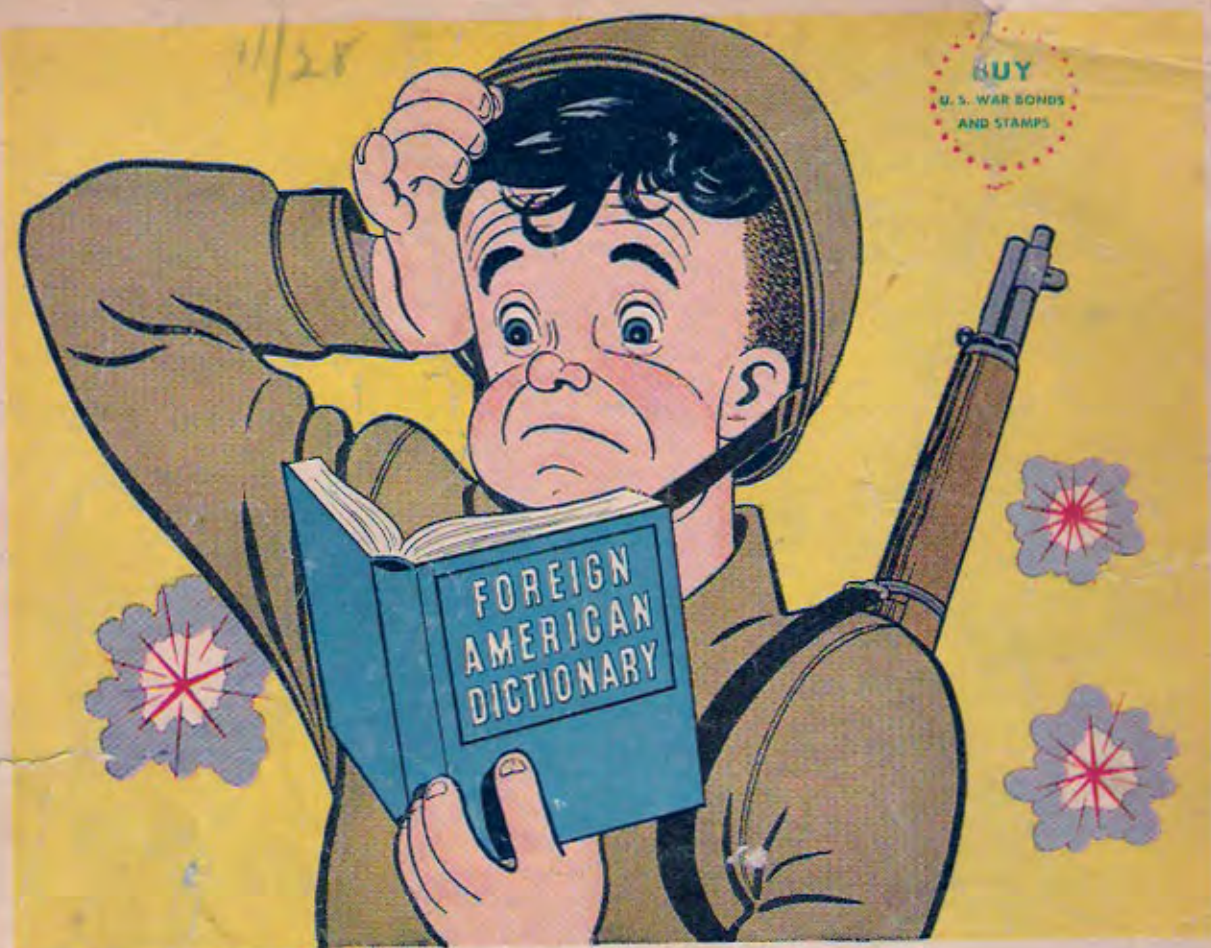
It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free—but supply is limited. To get your copy—mail coupon right now.

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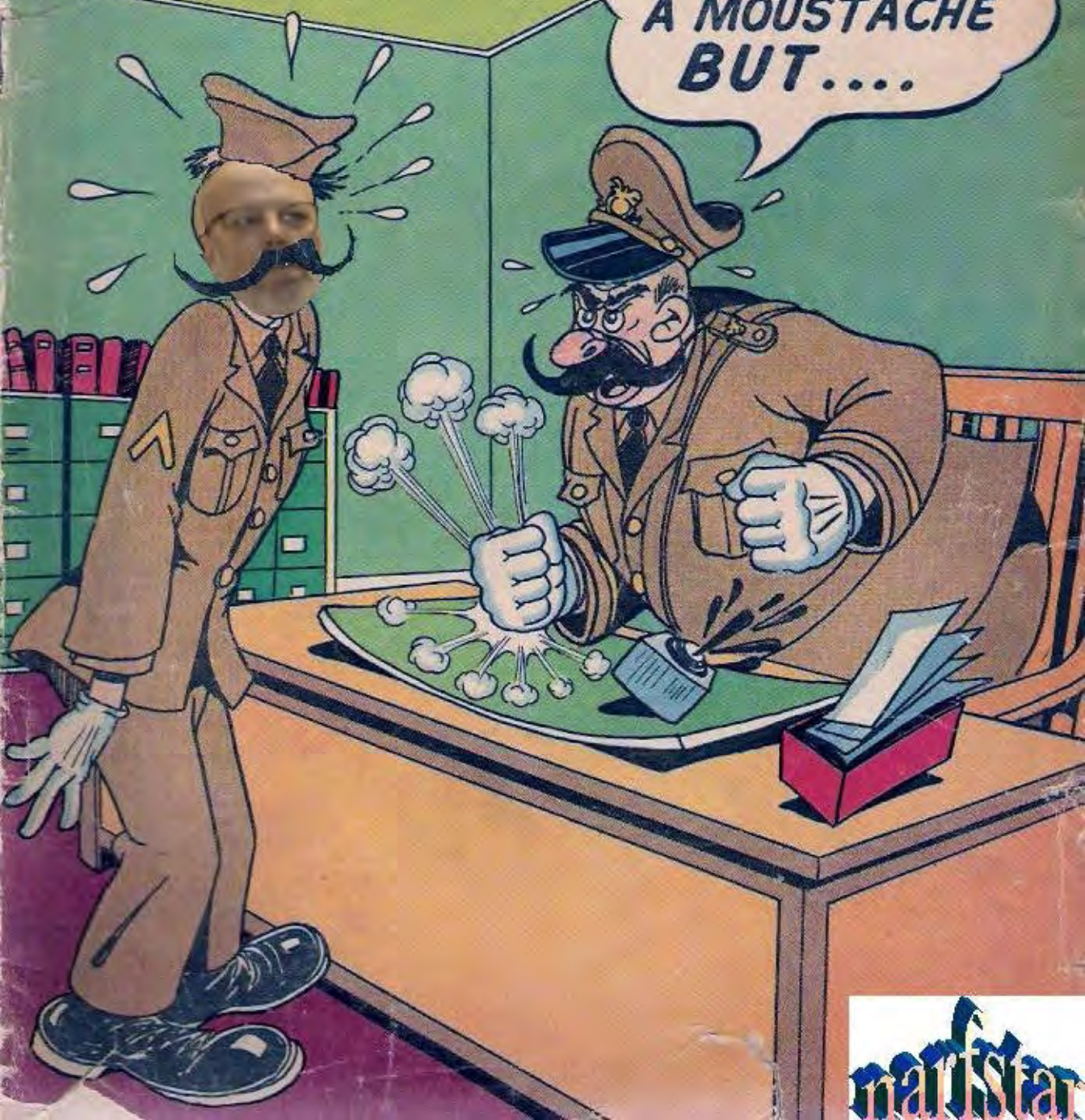
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Greatest
COMICS

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OBJECT TO YOUR
GROWING
A MOUSTACHE
BUT....



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